Ink and Oil

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Ink and Oil

by orphan_account

Summary

A young detective retired after a nasty injury
A Romanian soldier with a deep addiction to love and drugs
And a mutual passion for art ...

Will Graham moves to Europe to escape the memories of his time as a detective. He hopes this new path will do more to help cure his mind than Dr Bloom could. On his way, he encounters Nigel Lecter, a soldier who helps him see art is nothing without darkness.

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

> This is based on a one-shot I wished to expand into a full fic! Tags are due to change but I put some warnings for the plot I plan on.

St. Pancras was filled with tourists boarding the train as the platform bustled with people. The crowd heaved and swayed and Will Graham's face was pink from the heat, his heart racing. His hair was still damp from his shower and his fist was white as he gripped his suitcase handle tight. Pushed left and right, he found himself an empty cabin and settled into it without any mind to the people outside.

Will tugged his scarf and gloves off and set up his artpad and charcoals. He sketched the outline of the figures he remembered from a moment ago. The image of these strangers shoving each other and naming themselves more important than their neighbor. The idea set deeper lines into Will's frown. He sketched his memory of a soldier helping an elderly man on board as the only faces he could identify in the tide.

He only looked up when he felt the train's small jolt and watched the London disappear behind him. "Goodbye, London," he said with a sigh. Will stretched out and twisted his drawing wrist around to loosen it up. He did consider drawing something else from his visit, but everything he had enjoyed was already done by someone else. Nothing was unique anymore. And nothing could touch him the way Louisiana had. But Louisiana was long gone.

Will turned to a half-drawn image of Abigail and set his focus on finishing that up while he could still remember her.

"Asta e goală, Darko," said a low voice. There was a clack of the cabin door as it opened and revealed two very built men. Will watched from the corner of his eye as both entered and loaded the overhead compartment with their army packs.

"German or English, remember?" Darko sat next to Will as if he hadn't noticed him and the other settled opposite him. Darko lit up a cigarette. "I don't speak fucking Romanian yet," he said, the cigarette muffling his words slightly. He took a deep inhale and settled back in his seat. "How long did it take you?" he said, releasing a long stream of smoke.

Will was tempted to tell them that it was illegal to smoke in here, but the idea of being *that* asshole didn't sit right. Hell, if they were caught, maybe he'd get the cabin to himself, again. From the corner of his eye, Will noticed Nigel was staring.

"Nigel?" The man clicked his fingers in front of his friend. "How long?"

"Sixteen inches," Nigel said, eyes fixed on Will.

"What?"

"My cock." Nigel finally broke his stare and looked at his friend. "That's illegal, y'know." He waved at the cigarette.

"Like you fucking care." Darko handed Nigel one as if he'd been hinting.

Will continued to watch the men smoke and joke as he slowly eased himself away along the seat. His fingers gripped his art pad, using it to anchor him. It took him a long moment to realise that this wasn't because he was afraid of *them*. Will was certainly wary, but his fear came from a place Dr. Bloom warned him about. He was a dog, cornered by unwary predators. It wasn't their fault they'd picked the wrong cabin. The cabin with the crazy guy.

"Hey!" A sharp snap of fingers in front of Will's face jolted him out of his thoughts. "I said, 'Is Paris worth it?' Little man." Nigel's face was drawn close to Will's. His cologne smelled of bitter orange and mingled with tobacco. After a moment staring at Will's blank face, he sat back as if he was dumbfounded. "You don't think he speaks Romanian?" A little smile teased the edge of his mouth, hoping that he did.

"Maybe he speaks German! It's a better choice." Darko grinned as he closed the space between himself and Will. "Sprichst du Deutsch?"

Will swallowed thickly and turned his head as if to look out of the window. They were bullies, that was all. Stupid men who liked to tease people, Will told himself.

Darko grew bored and turned his attention to a small book. Nigel, however, seemed obsessed with getting Will's attention. "Are you deaf, Jigglytits?" He caught Will's hand and near pulled him from his seat.

"Ah!" Will snatched his hand back and scrambled back into his seat. He was really fucking tempted to kick the seven hells out of this guy, but he couldn't afford any trouble. If he got in trouble, he'd get sent right back to the hospital. He'd die before he let that happen.

Nigel smirked at the small sound Will made. So the princess did have a voice. "Eh, Darko. Want to play a fucking game?" He turned to Darko. "First of us gets him to talk gets to take him on a little date?"

Darko looked up from his book to frown at him. "I don't even *want* to fucking win that! He's probably fucking American. Or worse, *English*. There'll be no living with him."

"I didn't say 'live with'."

"Do you mean we get to fuck him?"

"You fuck on a first date? You fucking animal!" Nigel burst out laughing and thumped Darko on the shoulder.

Will watched them and suddenly felt as if it wasn't him they were interested in. They could have been talking about anyone at this point. He felt nothing for their words. Maybe because the idea of sex didn't mean anything to him. It was a distant concept, now. He couldn't even remember how long it had been.

Will's slim fingers danced along the edges of his art book. The threat within him was gone, now. And these men were probably nothing. It seemed safe to try and get some more art done.

As he looked down, he felt warm fingers catch his chin and forced him to look up. Deep maroon eyes pierced into his soul as they made eye contact. "I'm Nigel. This is Darko. Wanna fuck us?" Nigel's breath misted against Will's pink cheeks and suddenly Will was plunged back into his paranoid fear.

"Fuck you."

Silence filled the cabin and Nigel's brow creased.

"Fuck you and fuck your smoke!" Will stood and shoved Nigel back into his seat. "I don't give a fuck what you do, just leave me the fuck alone." He clenched his fists and stood staring down at Nigel. His chest rose and fell with an emotion he couldn't quite place. Whatever it had been, panic took its place.

"Sit down." Darko's voice broke through the static in Will's brain, low and grim.

And suddenly, Will's ass was firmly planted on its seat. Nigel was sat staring at him and Will remained paralyzed from his outburst.

"Here, take this." Darko pressed close. Something on the tip of his finger was pressed to Will's lips and Will blindly accepted it. The taste was almost fruity, like sherbert. "There. Pretty ones like you can't afford to be crazy, yes?" His hand drew long slow caresses. Something about Darko was different to Nigel. Will didn't feel like Nigel was planning anything. And that terrified him. "What's your name?"

Will swallowed thickly and felt as if the drug hadn't gone down and focussed on the tags clinking from around Darko's neck. "Will."

While the other two pussyfooted around, Nigel leaned down and lifted a book from his foot. A sketch book? He flicked it open and saw smudged coal portraits. The little guy was using the wrong paper, but fuck there was something there between the pages. Nigel sat back in his seat and flicked through in a fascinated silence.

When Will finally calmed, he felt for his book and looked up. "Hey!" He reached for it. "That's mine."

"Just let me look, gorgeous." Nigel hadn't even looked up at him. How could he? This art was intoxicating to the eyes. Even blinking was a sin. But something was missing. He pulled out a pencil and started to evolve Will's art into something more.

"No!" Will lunged for his art book, a sharp pain shooting through his gut. "Fuck."

Nigel's foot was still up and planted in Will's gut. "Sit the fuck down. I'm not fucking done."

Will heaved long and shaky breaths as he lowered himself back down to watch his art be vandalised. Perhaps this was payback for lashing out, earlier?

"Here, to distract yourself." Darko leaned over and put a cigarette between Will's lips. He was about to light it when Will spat it out.

Will would let these do whatever the fuck they wanted to his art. Hell, they could call him degrading names. But he wasn't going to smoke or accept any other 'gift' from Darko. They were clearly disturbed. In fact, he'd met more stable people in the hospital.

It was an hour of silence between them before anyone finally spoke up. "Here you go, Crazy." Nigel offered the open art book back and Will couldn't have been any faster in snatching it back. "Don't you dare fucking cry over those masterpieces," Nigel said.

"Gotta piss." Darko stepped out, ignored by Will who was too engrossed in assessing the damage to his work.

Will's fingers scratched at the edges of each page, his heart in his throat. These pieces were nothing like his attempts at photorealism. They were hectic, beautiful nightmares that threatened to end the very world Will knew. Dr. Bloom was twisted into an inky mermaid. Abigail's scar bloomed flowers from it's opening and Will's old boss, Crawford, had chains and the scales of justice weighing him down.

Will didn't know what to say as the images started to move and twist. There was a lion hiding behind each of Nigel's pencil strokes. Will thought he could taste the fire that consumed one picture.

"Wha-" Will looked up and suddenly he tasted fire.

A warm tongue forced its way past his plush lips and a hand tugged at his curls, drawing a sharp breath from deep in his chest. Nigel's other hand caressed Will's thigh before dipping behind to grope at Will's ass. "Baiatul meu frumos. Beautiful, *beautiful*." Nigel's voice echoed through Will's skull.

Kicking out, Will kneed Nigel clear in the groin. "Get the fuck off!" Nigel tumbled back with a yell of agony and Will took his opportunity to scramble away. Grabbing his bag, Will tried to bolt from the cabin.

"Wait!" Nigel grabbed his ankle and dragged him back into the room. "Why the fuck did you do that, gorgeous?"

Will kicked Nigel's hand and snarled at him, his teeth threatening to do more damage. "Why the fuck did you kiss me!"

"Tell me you don't like me."

"Fuck off."

"Tell me."

Will looked directly at Nigel, the words choking him. "I... Don't *know* you."

"But you like me. You like my body. My art. Get to know me." Nigel scrambled up and cupped Will's cheek, again. "Let me kiss your sweet lips again." He leaned in, his tobacco stained lips reaching Will's beautiful pink ones. He moaned into the tame kiss, intoxicated by the taste on Will's mouth.

Will just stood there, his eyes clenched tight. He wanted to punch Nigel. And he wanted to return the kiss. He was a fool if he didn't admit to himself that he didn't feel electricity between them. They were thunder and lightning.

He parted his lips ever so slightly and pressed his hand firmly on Nigel's chest. "No more. That's all you're fucking getting from me."

He left Nigel alone in the cabin and found somewhere else to spend the rest of his journey.

It was a welcome relief to arrive in Paris and leave that train long behind.

It was evening when he'd unpacked in his hotel room that he finally considered what had actually happened. Sat on the balcony with a beer, Will watched as the people of Paris went on with their lives. Where was Nigel right that moment?

His fingers trailed over his lips as he tried to remember Nigel's face.

Curved lips; small sharp teeth and cheekbones that could cut glass. Will tilted his head and bit on his lip as he sketched out every little detail hidden away in his vivid memory. His curls fell over his face as he took great care in catching the essence of Nigel's eyes. How his heart shone through them.

When he was finished, Will leaned back and looked at the picture with a satisfied huff. Something was missing, but something always was. Will went back into his room and tucked the book under his mattress.

During the night, he awoke in a sweat. His heart raced and he knew exactly what to add to the picture. Will drew until sunrise and the for the first time, the picture was of what he felt not just of what he saw.

Nigel held an anchored heart in his hands, the sea engulfing him.

Chapter 2

"I'm afraid not." The curator put his glasses back in their case and shut Will's art book. "We want something a little more... traditional for this showcase. This is too interpretive." He looked over his pointed nose and practically sneered at Will. "Perhaps you can try the amateur exhibition they're holding at the college?"

Will stepped out of the gallery and into the rain, gritting his teeth. That was the fifth damn try this week and the rejection wasn't getting any easier. He hurried down the road to try catch the bus.

"No no no. Wait!" He ran to his stop as he watched his ride pull away without him. "Fuck. Goddamn." Will sat on the drenched bench and hugged his artbook tight against his chest. His coat was soaked through and the drugstore had probably already shut. Okay, it's only *one* more day with no meds. There's no harm in that.

Growling under his breath, Will pushed his hand through his wet hair and stood. If he was going to make it to dinner at the hotel, he had better get a damn move on. Will kept his head down as he bumped into shoulder after shoulder. People grumbled and made audible tutting sounds, too busy to bother with the rude tourist. He thought he was almost clear of the crowd when he bumped one shoulder too many and a hand gripped his arm tight and spun him around.

"Holy shit, gorgeous," Nigel said, looking down at him, eyes wide. He was wrapped warm in a puffy jacket, hood pulled over his head. "Small fucking Paris!"

God how Will wished he was as warm and dry as Nigel looked. "Such a charmer, aren't you?" For a long moment, he enjoyed the warmth Nigel's hand offered. When he realised that he looked willing to let him near, Will tugged his arm away.

Nigel's smile faltered and fell when he got a true look at Will's face. Even in the streetlights, he looked dead. "Shit, kid." He pressed his hands to Will's ice-cold cheeks. The skin was painful to the touch.

Will's eyelids fluttered as he let the scorching heat from Nigel's fingers seep into his skin and melt away the cold. He didn't even try fighting back for this moment. Even his hotel didn't offer this warmth.

"You're really fucking sick." Nigel's usually playful smile was gone, eyes sharp as if ready to pounce. His rough thumb dragged across Will's cheekbone and his other hand pushed back to warm Will's rosy ears. "You have a fucking cold or something. Where're you staying?"

Opening his eyes, Will watched the white mist of his breath escape his lips. After a long moment of enchantment, he shook his head from Nigel's grips and stepped away. Will had no idea what he'd done to earn this 'affection' but he wasn't going to let anyone fight his battles for him. Plus, the idea of letting this guy know where he slept felt like a really damn poor life choice. "I'm fine. Goodbye, now."

"You're not fucking 'fine'." This Nigel sent something through Will's chest. This was not the man from the train, was it? Nigel's hands cupped Will's cheeks again as if to warm him, but trapped him there, too.

"I am fine. Let me go." Will tried to tug his head back but found that he couldn't even budge Nigel's hands. "Please."

"Look me in the eye and fucking tell me that you aren't unwell. And if you lie, I'll carry you to the fucking hospital kicking and screaming." Nigel drew his face close until their noses touched. If Will hadn't been feeling so awful, he'd have suggested that this was just an excuse to get close.

Licking his crusty lips, Will tried to speak but found the lie died on his tongue.

Nigel let go of his head and caught Will's hand. "You're coming with me." He started dragging him in the opposite direction of Will's hotel.

"No, no. I have to go to my hotel." Will vaguely waved in its direction before slipping his numb fingers from Nigel's vice grip. "I've already paid for my dinner," he said, as if that explained everything.

"Let me guess, your hotel has a fucking anchor on its sign."

Will frowned and looked at Nigel as if he'd made an impossible guess. But after a moment, he knew the only hotel down this way was The Old Anchor - known locally as the Rusty Anchor. If Will had known that, he'd never have chosen it.

"That place has rats, y'know? No heating. No double glazing. It's a fucking deathtrap."

"I've lived in worse."

Nigel's brows flexed and he tried to catch Will's hands again, but Will was too fast. "How many powercuts do you get in a night?"

"I don't stay there for luxury. I get a bed and a meal, nightly." Will glared up at Nigel before surrendering. "But there were three last night." And his bedside lamp's bulb popped.

Nigel growled and pinched his lips together. "You're staying with me. I've got a nice room. Heated, fed." Will was certainly tempted right that moment until Nigel said, "And you'll have me to cuddle up to if you do get cold."

Stepping away, Will shook his head. "Fuck off. I'm happy where I am."

"Well good fucking luck with that. How about I give you my number. In case you change your mind?"

Will sighed. What harm could it do? He didn't ever have to call and Nigel hadn't asked for *his* number, yet. He gave a short nod and looked away as he offered his hand.

Nigel's eyes brightened up and he took a pen out of his coat. "The ice-prince finally thaws." He licked the tip of his pen before jotting some numbers down on Will's palm.

"I never said I'd use it." Will tucked his hand into his pocket, already missing the feeling of Nigel's warm fingers. "But I'll consider it."

Nigel winked and tucked his pen away. "You like me."

"Shut up."

"You like my body."

"Shut up."

Nigel caught Will's chin. "You like my art."

Will's lips parted and breath escaped. "Shut up."

Nigel brushed his nose to Will's. "See you around gorgeous." He let Will go and disappeared down a busy street.

Will was left speechless, his heart hammering in his chest. That fucker! Nigel had to be smarter than he looked. He had Will hooked.

Heading back to the hotel, Will tried to suppress the intoxicating scent of Nigel's orange cologne and tobacco. The soft echo of weed that lingered on Nigel's clothes sent Will back to the hot and humid dockyards of his childhood.

Once he reached his room, the threw his things aside and stripped out of the sopping wet clothes. He laid back on his scratchy bedcovers and closed his eyes. His hand trailed over the cotton of his boxershorts.

The sun shines down on him, warming his golden skin. The soft grass beneath him grazes his bare skin and the sound crickets and cicadas sing out over the sound of Styx. He idly strokes the soft hair that trails just above his cotton shorts.

"Hey gorgeous." The ground shifts as someone settles beside him. The scent of weed and oranges overpower the oil and swamp, filling his body with warmth. It's like an embrace deep within his chest.

His heart races and he dip his fingers beneath the waistline of his shorts to touch the soft, hot skin of his inner thigh. His knee bends until his toes can dig into the grass and he arches up into his touch.

Lips trail along the lines of his ear, a hand joining his own. Large, coarse fingers wrapped around Will's shaft, leisurely stroking him. "God I want to fuck you, gorgeous." The lips dip low to his neck, teeth grazing his skin. "I wish I could turn you over and take you hard, where anyone could see us. See you as I make you mine."

"Why don't you?" He says, words escaping as a moan.

"Because I'm dead." Opening his eyes, he sees Nigel's face. Nigel's cheeks are sullen. The beautiful maroon eyes are pure white. And then Nigel is Garrett Jacob Hobbs, his hands still in Wills shorts. "See?"

Will kicks out and claws at Garrett Jacob Hobbs' face.

"See? See?"

Sitting bolt upright with tear-stained cheeks, Will's skull was throbbing in agony. He sat there panting as he tried to ignore the strain in his boxers.

"If anything like this happens again, Will, go through your exercises. There's no shame in what you feel," Dr. Bloom said.

Will stumbled to the bathroom and turned on the hot tap. In out. In out. He breathed slowly and stared into the steam-clouded mirror. He was Will Graham and adult wet dreams were normal. And you haven't even come, he reminded himself. But even that couldn't calm his shame. It wasn't the fact it had happened, it was why.

He dipped his palm into his shorts and tried to stroke himself to the memory of a girl he used to date. How Jo's hair was soft in his grip. Her tongue tasted of strawberries and how her lips were of the devil. She always smelled of sweet perfumes and wore Doc Martins. A girl at heart but tougher than Will could ever be.

Growling, Will slammed his hand hands against the sink basin in surrender. Nothing would do it and he would not dare try Nigel. The thought of those lips, that lisp. His hot hands... No. The memory scared him too much.

Growling, Will showered and dressed in some comfy pyjamas ready to try wait out the erection. He sat on the covered balcony with a beer and his sketchbook as had become his nightly ritual. He couldn't see Nigel again. He couldn't. Not even if the number had been written in permanent ink. Nigel - the ridiculous mess of a man - had been touched by Hobbs. Now even that stupid distraction was ruined. Will considered escaping, again. He could run to Budapest or Bucharest or whatever.

But if he kept running from his nightmares, wouldn't he just end up back in the world where his nightmares were real? Downing the beer, Will returned to bed and tried to sleep. Tomorrow he'd get a real job, even if it was just as a bartender. He couldn't live on his severance alone.

Chapter 3

To find the Angel, you had to know someone who already knew where it was. Or in Will's case, you had to use Google Maps. To enter the Angel, you had to take the dark steps down into the basement bar. As you approached the door, the scent of alcohol, tobacco and sandalwood would fill your lungs. Inside, couches lined the walls and raw industrial lights barely lit the black walls. There was always some form of rock playing. The bathrooms were plastered with posters promoting live rock acts and their specialty nights. This was the kind of place that would devour the unwary. A beast beneath the streets of Paris.

Will's first shift there had been easy. He just had to look as friendly as he could and let the other bartenders do the rest. But a few weeks past and it was clear he was damn good at this. They did say that the children of alcoholics made the best bartenders. He learned the recipes fast and kept a strained smile on his lips, keeping everyone happy. He even got paid enough to find a little place nearby. He just had to save for the deposit and he'd be set for the foreseeable future. Hell, it was kind of nice not to feel like a boat adrift at sea. He had something to wake up for every morning, again.

Every night there was a theme, and tonight's was 'Fetish'. Will had survived three so far, and that was even *with* the collars they made the bar staff wear. Tonight, temporary poles and cages decorated the place and rock music played over the speakers. The people who attended this event were usually the nicest people you could have. Most of them were mature students of the nearby University.

Will set a customer's cocktail on the bar and lit it for them. He emerged from behind to collect some empty glasses before someone entered.

"Hello."

Will set the glasses down on the bar. "Hello? How can I help?" One of the bartenders swung the industrial lights and Will caught a glint of the man's face. "Darko?"

Darko looked different somehow. Perhaps he looked sober, in a suit with a ring on each hand. "Yes?" He looked genuinely confused. "I have a reservation."

That sinking feeling in Will's gut drew out a long nod. Had he misunderstood his memory? Or what had happened on the train? "Of course." Will looked at the books for him and found him the private booth. "Is there anyone joining you, tonight?" Will handed him a menu of the drinks choices and poured him a glass of water.

"A few." Darko didn't even look at him as he browsed the choices.

Will moved to step away before a ring-covered hand gripped his wrist. His heart stopped when he thought that Darko had recognised him.

"I'll order now." Darko clicked his tongue and set the menu down. "I'll have this one." He pointed to the name with his other finger.

"You want the..." Will squinted at the name. "You want the 'Over the Knee'."

"That's the one, sweetheart." Darko let go of Will's now-red wrist and smiled at him. In this light, he reminded Will of a shark. That was why Will didn't argue when he was called 'sweetheart'. He just got the drink for him as fast as possible and went back to trying to do his job without distraction.

Fetish night was in full swing by midnight and Will was rushed off of his feet. People were all in need of a stiff drink and the cocktails were telling by the dozen. He was exhausted. The small space so full and hot, his curls stuck to his neck. He needed to get some fresh air, but opted instead to sneak a shot of whiskey.

"Saw that."

Will spun around to see Darko at the bar. "What?"

"If you were my employee, I'd punish you."

Will shook his head and swallowed back the last strains of whiskey. "I'm sorry, sir. But we're not part of the entertainment. Please don't try dirty talking me."

Darko's mouth twisted into a smirk. "Poor thing. You thought I fucking meant it sexually. No, sweetheart."

Will's heart dropped. "Do you want something?"

"I paid for a fucking table service booth. And I've only been checked in on twice."

Shit. "I'm sorry, sir. We're just..."

"Too busy? Don't give me fucking excuses. Give me five of those." Darko waved at the specials board. "You choose. I'll be at my table."

It took Will a while to finish making the drinks, but he almost dropped the tray when he reached the table. Darko, two leather-covered women and Nigel were sat at the table. "Uh, here you go." Will set the tray down and turned to leave as fast as possible.

"Where the fuck do you think you're going?" Darko's hand gripped his wrist.

"Sir, I've given you the drinks. I can't apologise enough for forgetting to serve you. These are on me." Will still refused to turn. If Nigel saw him, he didn't know what would happen.

"First, you have the fucking gall to ignore me, then you ignore my guest who you have teased for the past fucking month." Darko tugged on Will's arm, forcing him to face them. "Now, you're going to apologise to him."

Will's jaw tensed and he looked at Nigel, who was too busy with the woman on his lap to care. Will shook his head. "I'm not apologising to him."

Darko released Will's wrist and stood, looming over him, who wasn't short by any standard. "I'm done pissing around. I will get the apology for him."

"You can't do anything." Will glared at him. He refused to let Darko pick on him for something he hadn't done.

"Come on, Darko. Joke's over." Nigel leaned back in his seat and pushed the spare drink over to Will. "Drink with us."

Darko sat back down, his hard expression immediately soft and a smile on his lips. He was leaning over to a girl who lit his smoke.

Trembling, Will felt like he'd just witnessed a car wreck. "What?" He couldn't comprehend the switch in Darko's temper. Was this a game to them? He shook his head and stepped away from their table. "I can't. I'm working."

"You work too hard. Sit with us." Darko breathed out a plume of smoke.

"You're crazy. You're both fucking psychos!" Will turned and left them to their own devices, the sound of laughter echoing behind him. His heart was racing and he had no fucking clue what kind of rollercoaster they just took him on. What the fuck were they taking? Maybe he needed some of it? The idea forced a bitter laugh from in his chest. Worst he had taken was weed. That pill on the train didn't count because it had done nothing to him.

Once the bar had wound down, Will focussed on scrubbing the sticky tables. He tried to forget what had happened tonight. Darko had seemed such a good actor that Will had a sneaking suspicion that he'd been genuine. It was the only thing that made sense. Maybe Darko had forgotten his face, and when Nigel arrived, he told him about Will? The idea that the confrontation had been real sent ice through his spine. If that was the case, hadn't Nigel just rescued him? The thought was too much to take in.

"William!" Will's boss, Pete appeared from the backroom waving a piece of paper. "Glad I caught you." He stood behind Will as he worked. If he expected Will to pay much attention, he was sorely mistaken. "You got some attention tonight." Pete offered the slip of paper to him. "From one of Darko's men."

"Darko?" Will's frown deepened as he glanced down at the paper. On it was a sloppily penned note. Why the fuck did Pete know Darko?

"The guy who owns this place? German guy. Scary."

Will shook his head, trying to focus on reading the letter. That was impossible. No. Paris was in no way *that* small!

"You were serving him all night?"

Will looked up, lips parted to argue. What would happen if Pete found out he knew the real boss? Favoritism was annoying as fuck, but he also didn't fancy being ostracised or tiptoed

around. So Will waved it off and said, "Only person I knew were the pricks on the VIP table."

Pete stared at Will as if he'd just blasphemed in a church of God. "Do *not* let them hear you say that. Now, go on. Let the others do that in the morning. You earned a good night's sleep."

Will thanked Pete and hurried out with the note crumpled in his fist. Sure, he didn't know Darko at all. But Will's stalker was his best friend. There was no way it was a good idea to tell anyone about this. Instead, he focussed on reading the note that was left to him under the orange glow of the streetlight.

Gorgeous, you never called me back. Now you owe me. Meet me outside the bar tonight and I'll get the drinks in.

Underneath, there was a messily scrawled phone number and a small sketch of a small man in the bottom of a whiskey bottle.

"You're here, beautiful." Lowering the paper, Will saw Nigel smoking as he leaned against a lamppost. The image echoed old Hollywood and Will was left with that warm familiarity James Dean left so many women. Smirking, Nigel tossed his smoke away and approached. "Miss me?" He cupped Will's chin between two fingers and leaned in, pressing a familiar kiss to Will's lips.

Will didn't even bother fighting, too tired to care right at that moment. Tiredness couldn't be blamed for why he cupped Nigel's jaw and dragged his fingers through his long hair.

With new energy, Nigel gripped Will's hips in his large hands and pressed him against a nearby car. He rocked his hard, toned body against Will's and let his hands explore Will's sides.

"Hurry up, you two," Darko said from his car window, breaking the magic peace of the moment.

Groaning, Nigel pulled himself off of Will and took his hand. "Let's go, beautiful."

Will swallowed back his lust and followed behind. He was making a fucking mistake, but this man was intoxicating. "I'm just coming for the drinks."

Nigel let out a low chuckle before he climbed into the back seat and dragged Will in behind him. "You look so fucking beautiful." He hooked his fingers in the collar WIll had forgotten to remove and ravaged Will's lips with kisses.

The car sped off and suddenly sense hit Will like a brick. Fuck, fuck, fuck. He looked up at Nigel and faced Garrett Jacob Hobbs. "No. No, please." Will pushed at his chest, forcing him to back off. "No. Let me out." With space, Will breathed. In out. He looked back up at Nigel to see only Nigel there.

"I thought you wanted a drink?" The heartbroken look on Nigel's face almost had Will surrender, but the memory forced Will's heart to race in all the ways he didn't want.

"I'm so sorry." Will fumbled with the door handle and scrambled out without another word. Nigel tried to follow after him but Will was faster and far more sober. Soon, Will had disappeared down a distant street and Nigel was left in the cold. He climbed back into the car, pissed and needing a fuck.

"He's a fucking cocktease, that one," Darko said, driving them to the nightclub they'd been going to.

"I think he's actually fucking crazy." Nigel's fingers tapped where it rested on the door as he watched Paris speed by. He was really fucking worried for that kid. And he really fucking loved him.

"What do you wanna do about it, then?"

"I'll think of something."

Will stumbled into his hotel room in tears. He'd been so close! So close to either finally having a real social life or becoming a statistic. But anything would have been better than this crippling sense of shame and regret that clawed at his insides. He just wanted to live a normal life. He downed another dose of his meds before crawling into bed. Nothing was worth this.

The mind games didn't help his already destructive thoughts.

He took his time with his breathing exercises. In out. In out. He had to remember Nigel. Nigel the way he truly was. Not the Nigel that kept turning into Garrett Jacob Hobbs. Will sat on his bed with his art book with the pages open at Nigel and the anchored heart. Licking his lips, Will turned another page and started to sketch the man he'd seen in the street. The man who leaned against that lamppost smoking. He was something special and Will couldn't place it.

Fuck. Will leaned back and stared at the lines he had so far. It suddenly dawned on him he was probably one of those weirdos that fell for convicts on death row. Why the fuck did he even find his stalker attractive?

He sat on those thoughts as he resumed his art and by dawn he had a masterpiece.

The sun broke through the windows, warming the damp-smelling room. The traffic below came to life and suddenly, Will felt alive again. He dressed and stepped out onto the balcony to watch the busy workers come and go. The memory of a dream he once had entered his mind. He once wanted to be one of those men who wore suits and walked around with confidence. He'd seen himself in another life, working as a detective or better.

Now he was a broken bartender hoping for his big break. But there was never a big break. It was hard work. Painting after painting getting pocket change until it accumulates. He blamed

the romance of the movies for his once fresh-faced ideas. Now reality set in, he knew the true path he had to walk down. Will downed his morning dose of meds before heading out with his art book. He'd sell his art, even if it was from a rickety old stall.

"Mr. Graham? I'm glad I caught you." The hotel's scraggly teenage bellhop hurried over to him with a large parcel in his arms. "The man who delivered this said, 'Will with the curly hair?' You're the only Will here, sir."

Frowning, Will nodded and wordlessly accepted the large parcel. It was clearly a canvas of some sort.

The bellhop watched him and bounced foot to foot as Will unwrapped the gift. Revealed was a gigantic painting of a bar, bustling with people. But alone, dejected was a near-empty bottle of whiskey. Inside a small man clawed at the glass as he screamed to be heard. On the table beside the bottle lay pills and an ashtray where a still-lit cigarette lay. Will could almost taste the tobacco Nigel left on his tongue last night. And that style was definitely his.

"Holy shit." Will stared at the painting as if he'd been given the original Mona Lisa. How could he paint that in such small time? It was a masterpiece. It was unfair.

"That's you!" The bellhop pointed at the human. "Did you pay to have this done?" Will shook his head once, eyes never leaving the canvas. "Then you have an admirer. This is awesome. Can I take a photo?" The bellhop took his phone out and snapped a picture of Will and the painting. "My teacher will love this."

Will finally looked up at the boy. "Your teacher?"

"Yeah. Professor Grey loves all this kind of thing."

"At the college?" Will said.

The bellhop nodded and put his phone back. "They're looking for amateur art. You've heard of it?"

"I was actually planning to go there today." Will's cheeks heated up and his eyes returned to the painting.

"Ask for my Professor. He's the nicest art teacher, there. Here, I'll take this to your room for you." The bellhop eased the painting from Will's grip and seemed to treat it like the Holy Grail when he left the lobby with it.

Chewing his lip, Will reached into his pocket to find the piece of paper from last night. It was there, damp and scrunched up. Will's hands were trembling as he read the numbers burning on the page. He couldn't call him. What if it had been sent before the mess last night and it only arrived today? What would he say? 'Thanks for the painting owed to me, but I can't date because I am absolutely batshit crazy?' Shaking his head, Will stuffed the paper back into his pocket and headed out into the morning sun. Nigel deserved a less unstable man.

Chapter 4

The art studio smelled of ink and paint. Every surface was covered in tools and the whole place was filled with the pure white sunlight pouring through the windows. Will couldn't get enough of the place. Art lined every wall and he knew that he'd one day work in a place like this. Perhaps he'd own his own studio and people would come learn from him. They would listen as he talked and he wouldn't have to pretend to anyone.

"Ah, you must be Will." Professor Grey entered the studio carrying an easel. Will had been expecting someone old in a bowtie and tweed but this guy was in his forties - still older than Will - clean shaven and wearing jeans. It seemed that even Will's ability to read people had its off day. "Give me a hand, would you?" Grey wrestled the easel through the doorway and caught it on something.

"Oh." Will set his artbook on the table and helped Grey wrangle it around the corner. "Gottit. I've got it."

Once it was set up, Grey smoothed his shirt and admired their joint effort. "Good. Good, thank you. Now, you wished to show me your art for the exhibition?" he asked as he rolled up his sleeves. He shifted his glasses up his nose and leaned against a workbench.

Will nodded and picked up his book of works. "These." He flicked through to try and find his favourite piece before Grey snatched it from him.

Grey licked his thumb and flicked the book open to a random page. "Mr Graham, I don't have time to pussyfoot around. You need to be more confident if you're going to survive out here. I'll tell you what I tell all my students: When you sign up to be an artist, you're signing your rights away. Be prepared for people to bully you, piss on your art and suggest flashing you jiggly bits will make you better." Grey fell silent and poked his tongue out as he flicked through the pieces. His eyes lingered on a picture of Dr. Bloom as an inky mermaid.

Nodding, Grey clapped the art book shut. "I'm not going to lie, your art is extremely dark. Disturbed, even." Grey drummed his fingers on the book cover. "It reminds me of a lovechild between Salvador Dali and Edvard Munch." Grey handed the book back and crossed his arms. "But I've got to say what the critics will: It's sloppy. You're obviously untrained - which is no bad thing - but they will pick up on that. Plus," he paused for a long moment, clearly trying to be tactful. "The art echos the works of a mental health patient. Or worse, a killer on death row."

Will's heart caught in his throat. For all his apparent tact, Mr Grey was hardly as 'kind' as the bellhop had claimed. Will felt his heart racing and a bead of sweat roll down the back of his neck. Had Will's art truly been so obvious?

"I like it. I really do. Especially for someone so young and untrained, you don't have that uniformity most people strive for." Grey straightened up and pulled a small heap of papers from a draw. "You'll need to create an original on a piece of canvas and some business cards. You won't get any money for the showing, but if someone buys your work, you keep sixty

percent of the profits." Grey handed the pile of papers to Will returned to his position against the workbench. "Now hurry up and get. I've got a class in five."

Will hugged the papers close to his chest as he hurried out of the room.

"I can't wait to see what you have for me," Mr Grey said as Will disappeared through the doorway.

Will ran all of the way back to the Anchor, a flush of excitement on his cheeks. Someone had faith in his art. A professional had faith in his art. Not a shrink, not a stalker but an actual artist. Panting, Will tossed everything on his bed and flicked through each piece of paper Mr Grey had given him. He even read the fine print. If this went well, this would be the gateway to his future.

At around midday, there was a knock on his door. "Come in?" Will said as he reread the terms of the exhibition.

"Mr Graham, there's a man in the lobby for you." The bellhop from earlier had a grin from ear to ear.

"Did they say who they were?" Will adjusted his glasses so he didn't have to look the bellhop in the eye.

"Just said he has something for you. It might be another present." The kid seemed all too hopeful.

Sighing, Will set the paper down and stepped out with the bellhop. He didn't even put shoes on, socks being fine for now. "Can you tell me what he looked like, at least?" he asked as they walked down to the lobby together.

"Not really, sir. Tall, white. Big. But he's got a hood and sunglasses on."

Will frowned, suddenly wary it might not be Nigel. He held his breath, not sure what to hope for. He wasn't to face up to last night's mess, but if it wasn't Nigel who else could it be?

Darko. Will could smell him before he could see him. Really damn expensive cologne and tobacco filled the air. His German accent softer and somehow more threatening than Nigel's... Will had no idea what accent Nigel had.

"Danke." Darko didn't even look at the bellhop as he passed him a wad of cash. "Now fuck off." He waved the boy away and took hold of Will's arm. "Good afternoon sweetheart."

Will's blood ran cold as he watched the bellhop disappear and he realised that there was no one in this whole damn lobby. "What do you want?" He felt hobbled, no shoes to run outside and no keycard to return to his room. "If this is about last night-"

"Of course it's about fucking last night! You near on played giddyup on my friend's cock and then ran away. What kind of cunt are you?" If Darko had been playing last night, he definitely wasn't today. And Nigel wasn't there to stop him from hurting Will.

"No-No, I reserve the right to refuse to have sex. I reserve it as a human. If I don't want it..."

"So you'll get him painfully fucking hard and run?" Darko backed Will up to a wall, caging him. "You're lucky you're not a fucking whore in Bucharest. I hear they don't like cockteases there."

Will felt like a mouse in a cage, unable to escape. When had Darko become the unreasonable one? Or perhaps he'd always been. Will glared up at him, as terrified as he was he wouldn't be intimidated into fucking Nigel. "If he didn't like it, maybe he should be the one to tell me. Now get the fuck off before I call the *fucking* police."

Darko tutted and stepped away. "Whore." He straightened himself up. "He's at the Angel. Will be until you turn up. Stand him up, and I can make your life hell."

Darko left the lobby and Will stood trembling where he'd been pinned. What the fuck had he got himself involved in? Darko was more than a soldier or a bar owner. "Fuck," escaped Will's lips. Even his hotel wasn't safe. As much as he'd been drawn to Nigel, he got the sudden feeling that it didn't matter. Nigel had friends who'd get him what he wanted.

After about an hour of deliberating, Will finally went to the bar. He'd wrapped himself up in the biggest, most ill-fitting clothes he owned. If his clothes were the problem, no one could call him a tease, now.

Hugging himself, Will stepped down into the darkness. The place was near empty and he didn't recognise the bartenders working today. He downed a shot of whiskey for courage before he looked around for Nigel. A figure sat at the table from last night, the embers of a cigarette illuminating his face. Nigel looked almost grim, and was staring directly at Will.

Clearing his throat, Will ordered himself a real drink of whiskey and whatever Nigel was having. No need to be hostile, especially when it hadn't been Nigel who had terrified the shit out of him.

"Hey." Will nearly choked on the word as he set their drinks down. "Y-you didn't need to send your bulldog to get me here," he said, trying to joke. It fell flat when both of them knew that the only reason Will was here at all was because he was scared of being hurt.

Nigel took the drink, eyes still following Will. He'd seen the 'swaddling' tactic before. It happened with girls who were scared.

Will pushed himself into a corner, keeping his eyes on the glass before him. "You wanted to talk?"

"You must be hot in that coat."

"You wanted to talk?" Will said again, clearly only there for one purpose.

"Take the coat off."

"Why?" Will finally turned to him. "You want to fuck me. I get it. But I don't want to fuck you or anyone else."

"That's not what you showed yesterday."

Will swallowed down his whiskey with a wince. "I was in my work uniform! The collar, the tight t-shirt... it's all for fucking tips. It was fetish night, for fuck's sake! And I was tired from work. How the fuck could I argue?"

Nigel kept quiet, watching Will as if assessing his honesty. "Your cock was hard enough. And you moved your fucking ass with more energy than any other cocksucker I've had." His knuckles grew visibly white around the stem of the cocktail glass.

Will glanced down between the hand and Nigel's face. His heart was racing and this time the terror was solely towards Nigel. "Fuck off."

Nigel lunged forwards, pressing his lips against Will's harder than ever before. His hands tugged at Will's hair hard and Will let out a cry of surprise. A sharp pain shot through his bottom lip. "Nigel, no!" He begged when he could part their lips for a brief moment. Will was in the wrong position to retaliate, his knee completely missing Nigel and slamming into the table. "Ouch, fuck. Get off!"

Pulling back, Nigel watched as blood dripped from Will's lip. "Fuck."

Will remained sat there, frozen. One knee throbbed in pain and his fists were clenched. "This isn't about me," he said, staring into the distance behind Nigel. He could taste the panic and desperation in Nigel's kiss. It wasn't about sex, control or Will at all. He'd never empathised as strongly as he had that moment.

"Fuck." Nigel reached over and wiped the blood from Will's lip. "Fuck, I'm so fucking... Fuck! I would never hurt you." He pulled Will up. "I'm a cunt."

"It was barely a-"

"No, I'm not fucking okay." Nigel ran his hand through his hair and growled to himself. "This isn't fucking okay."

Will's curiosity fuelled him enough to let him pretend to be okay. "This isn't about me. You're going through something?" He hesitated a moment before he reached over to pat Nigel on the shoulder. "Tell me?"

Nigel downed the cocktail and sat back. "Fucking cunt has sold this place. He's going to Bucharest."

"Who?"

"Darko! The cunt's giving me the shrug off. And my fucking prick of a brother is fucking me over." He pulled a letter out of his pocket and slammed it on the table. "*And* the fucking army has fucked me off."

Will sat back and suddenly watched the illusion crumble. Nigel was using him as a coping mechanism. And Darko only wanted someone else to blame for Nigel's mood. "You feel abandoned."

"Like fuck I do. These pricks owe me fucking money. Money I could be spending on you." Nigel was clearly lying. "But you don't even care. Not really. I fucking kiss you and you won't even look me in the fucking eye."

Will shifted uncomfortably and considered whether he could trade information. Offload for offload. He wanted to know Nigel better, and he felt the pressures of his mind crush him daily. Maybe if he understood it would be different. "I can't look *anyone* in the eye." Will cleared his throat and waved at the bartender for another drink. "When I do I see things."

Nigel frowned and put a wad of cash on the table for the tab. "Like that little fucker from 'Sixth Sense'?"

Will shook his head. "No, not really. I can see deeper than just..." He waved his hands around a little, struggling to find the words. "I know how they feel. Empathise. And lately, when I do, I *do* see dead people. *One* dead guy, to be honest."

Nigel leaned forwards, clearly dragging himself across the couch to be closer to Will. "Fuck. How the fuck don't to go, y'know 'One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest'?"

"I did." Will's throat felt thick. "It's why I'm here. I couldn't live in America after that."

"What made you see ghosts?" Nigel was touching distance, now. Will could feel the heat of his thigh against his own.

"I killed someone."

Will watched for the bomb to drop. It never did. Nigel simply wore a dark smile, one Will hadn't seen on him before. "Trying to scare off a soldier is pussy play."

"I don't think that's the right English-" Will caught himself before he continued. "I'm not trying to scare you. I was a cop. It was a case that went wrong and I had to kill someone. And now he appears whenever we kiss."

"Holy shit." Nigel did sit back a little this time. "Like a necrophiliac threesome?"

"Not quite. Imagine it like," Will said, licking his lips. "Imagine two guys kissing in the zombie apocalypse. One has his eyes shut. When he opens them, a rotting zombie has it's tongue down his throat and hand down his pants. It's fucking terrifying." That was almost word-for-word how he'd told Dr Bloom what he was struggling with.

Nigel's brows creased and heart raced. He gripped Will's hand tight, as if holding back. "Fucker." He glanced at Will and tried to smile. "If the zombie was real, I'd fucking kill it all over again."

Will somehow felt comforted by Nigel's irrational attempt a protecting him, even as he tugged his hand away to pick at his jeans. "What about you?"

"Me? I'm not fucking crazy. I don't see dead people."

"I mean, why're you so... upset?" Will had to be careful, here. He didn't want another kiss.

Nigel raised an eyebrow. "My best friend is leaving me in France and selling our bar! My thirty percent is gone." He accepted the drinks the bartender bought over, downing half of his own. "Then, my brother says there's no more fucking inheritance. I think the foppish fuck spent it on on cock rings and boy toys."

Will felt uncomfortable listening to the way Nigel spoke about his brother, but began to hate the guy, too. "Prick. I didn't even get inheritance. Unless you count funeral bills." Will took a gulp of his whiskey.

"Sure I spent some of mine on shit but you understand? I invested it *too*." Nigel seemed to brighten up at Will's encouragement. "And now nothing! I didn't get even a quarter of the estate!"

Will wetted his lips and took another drink of his whiskey. "You had an *estate*?" Nigel definitely didn't seem the type.

"Don't wanna fucking talk about that." Nigel waved for more drinks, even though they'd not finished the ones they still had. "Drink up. I wanna get fuck faced and then we can go on a fucking adventure."

Hesitating, Will finished up his whiskey. "I-I can't. I have an exhibition to prepare for."

"Fucking hell! Well fucking done. All the more reason to get shitfaced. I do my best shit when I'm seeing the green fairy." Nigel grinned as if his troubles had gone for good. Was that how Will seemed to strangers? Or did his eyes cry out 'save me'? "Oh, and did you get my painting?"

Will nodded as he swallowed down yet another mouthful of whiskey. "It's gorgeous. Thank you."

Nigel's eyes lit up and he rested a hand on Will's lap. "I couldn't stop thinking about you." He leaned in and suddenly the wave of fear struck Will again. Nigel pressed a kiss to Will's neck, breath hot and wet against his skin.

"Nigel..."

"Relax, darling." He pressed kisses up and down Will's neck and jaw, enjoying the strangled moans and shuddering breaths escaping Will's mouth.

"No, Nigel." WIll pulled away. "I like you."

"I know you do," Nigel said, his hand trailing between Will's literally trembling thighs. "Fuck, how long has it been for you, beautiful?"

Will squeezed his legs shut as tight as possible. "Five years. More?" He shut his eyes and hoped that none of his coworkers were watching. "Please stop it." He wasn't nearly drunk enough.

"I won't push you, I'm just admiring a stunning piece of art." Nigel took his time as he dragged his hand out from between Will's thighs. "I wouldn't fuck you without a 'yes'. But

you really need to fucking relax." Nigel sat back and finished off yet another drink. "Finish yours, we're going to a fucking club."

"I'm not really a clubbing type."

"You owe me a night out, and we're celebrating your breakthrough."

Will reluctantly finished his whiskey and stood. "Okay." He was suddenly regretting wearing the heaviest clothes he owned.

The two of them left the bar, Nigel's hands conspicuously nowhere near Will. Will was kind of grateful. Perhaps if circumstances were different, and if Nigel could get his libido in check, maybe they could be friends. Who was Will kidding? It was only Nigel's persistence that had led them to see each other again after the train incident.

"You still living in that shit hole hotel?" Nigel asked, lighting up a smoke, even though he clearly knew the answer.

"Yes." Will kept his hands in is pockets as he walked, the whiskey (and nothing else) had his cheeks burning hot. He tugged his oversized coat off and tied it around his waist. "Fuck it's hot."

"I fucking told you you would be." Nigel climbed on the back of his motorcycle. "Hop on." He patted the back.

"Oh shit." Will stood staring at it. "My pa warned me off of riding bitch."

"Your pa warned you away from playing with guys like me, too, I bet."

"He warned me off playing with guys at all," Will said as he climbed on and wrapped his arms around Nigel's waist.

Nigel smirked and they sped off through the streets of Paris to Nigel's favourite nightclub.

Chapter 5

The club was everything Will hated in a place. It was too loud, too crowded and the floors were sticky. He worked in a 'seedy' bar already, he didn't want to spend his night off here. But Nigel was there, guiding him through the crowd like the parting of the tides. "It's so, so hot in here." Even without his coat on, Will was almost dripping with sweat. "You should have told me we were coming here," he said. Nigel paid no attention. "Nigel!"

Nigel turned to face him with a grin. "What?" Nigel had to yell for Will to hear him.

"It's too hot," Will said, returning the yell in his face.

Nigel simply laughed and continued to tug him to a table. "You, sit." He pushed Will onto the couch. "I'll get the drinks in, and you can remove all those fucking clothes."

Will was left on his own, watching the people as they ground down against each other. He removed layer after layer until he was left in a Kansas t-shirt, his plaid shirt tied around his waist. His sweater and coat were tossed aside. He reveled in the feel of the air conditioning against his skin. It seemed his attempts at keeping Nigel at an arm's distance was for nothing.

Will noticed one small woman dancing faster than he thought was possible. She swung her hair around and no one seemed to care. In fact, Will could see many others like her. He huffed a laugh and cupped his mouth. He recognised it from his time as a cop. The raves they'd break up were full of drugs and these clubbers were high as fuck on speed and all sorts.

"Here we go sweet tits." Nigel set two bottles down in front of Will and slid in next to him.

"My tits are sweet now?" Will raised a brow.

"Sweet *jiggly* tits." Nigel chuckled and took a swig of one of his beers.

"I don't even have tits."

Nigel's eyes trailed down the oversized, motheaten t-shirt. "Oh I can see that."

Will huffed and started to take large gulps of his own drink. They sat in an almost familiar silence as they drank their first beers and watched the people dance around them. After everything they'd drunk, Will was starting to feel the need to get on that floor.

"Can you model for me?"

Will glanced over at Nigel, who had been clearly building up to this. "Me?" He huffed a laugh of disbelief and turned to face Nigel properly. He was hardly model material.

Nigel kept his eyes firmly on Will as he caught his hand. "This isn't about my..."

"Infatuation?"

"My fucking desires." Nigel ran his fingers along Will's. "You are perfect."

"For?" Will waited for something more, but never got anything but a sly smile from him. "What kind of modelling?"

"Life."

Will immediately pulled his hands away and picked up his beer. "No way." He took a swig of his second beer. He was suddenly feeling hot again.

"You will be fucking naked, but I'm a real fuckng professional."

Will stared at the bottle and licked the beer from his lips. "How much will I be paid?"

Nigel's eyes widened. Will was okay with this? "Fifty euro, per night."

"Per day. I have to had some time for my exhibition." Will's face was hard, clearly not up for being screwed over. "And use of your studio and materials."

"No." Nigel shook his head. "No fucking way."

"Fine, don't pay me. Just let me use your stuff," Will said. He needed the resources for the exhibition and they cost more than Nigel offered to pay.

Nigel looked consumed in thought. Will could see his chest rise and fall, one breath after another. He extended his hand. "Tomorrow, six in the morning."

Will was reluctant about the time, but hell he needed use of the studio. "Deal." He shook Nigel's hand. "Six."

Nigel smirked and dragged Will onto the dance floor.

"Nigel!" Will stumbled and glanced back at their table and all of the outer clothes he'd left on the couch. "We can't just leave tha-" He was hushed by the Nigel's lips, his arms wrapped around Will's hips. The heat, the kiss and the alcohol had his head spinning. All Will could do was sway with him as the music thrummed with the beat of his heart.

So this was why people went to nightclubs? Will felt the giddy haze of euphoria as the alcohol started truly pumping through his moving body. His lips were raw as they pulled back, Nigel still pulling him tight against him. "Fucking perfect." There was a fire in Nigel's eyes.

Will gave up trying to reason his way out of the situation and rest his head on Nigel's chest as they danced. He felt the world was spinning, neon lights flashing and drunken idiots stumbling about. He knew his coat was probably gone by now. But who the fuck cared?

"I wanna smoke." Nigel stepped back. "You okay here?" He cupped Will's chin. "Won't be too long."

"I wanna come with you." Will took Nigel's hand, refusing to let his ride leave him. How else could he get home?

Nigel huffed, something clearly bothering him. He led the way outside and pulled out a rolled up cigarette, the end twisted. Will's eyes lit up, the haze falling to the back of his mind. Nigel lit up and took a few long puffs before he looked at Will.

Will's eyes followed the burning tip of the joint as it glowed in the night. He licked his lips, as if he could already taste the burning warmth it would bring him.

Nigel raised a brow, suddenly finding the kid more interesting than just his art or beauty. "Here." He took one deep puff and pulled Will in. As there lips touched, Nigel exhaled the smoke directly past Will's plush lips.

The familiar warmth, entered Will's lungs and left him giddy. He leaned back against the brick wall with eyes cast to the sky. "Fuck."

"I didn't have you down as a user, beautiful." Nigel smirked and took another few puffs before he handed the joint over. "Or that you had fucking shotgunned before." The image of Will laying on his back for Nigel, breathing in the heady air had Nigel stiffen in his jeans. He shifted leg to leg and adjusted himself.

Will smirked and took his time smoking the joint in his own world. The cold night air was bliss on his flushed skin. His chest rose and fell as he savoured each puff. Once the joint was finished, he stubbed the smoke out and licked his lips. "I used in high school." He shut his eyes and stayed pressed against the wall.

"Use anything harder?" Nigel wrapped an arm around his waist and helped pry him away.

"Uh uh." Will shook his head, curls falling over his face. "Just pot. No use for any of that other crap." His accent slipped from his perfectly tailored gravelly northern accent into his soft Southern one. He was letting his mask slip.

"It's not crap, beautiful." Nigel guided him back into the club. "It makes you feel like your skin is on fucking fire and heart ready to burst." He took Will back to the dancefloor, his hands exploring Will's slender body.

"Sounds fucking awful." Will smirked as he wrapped his arms around Nigel's neck.

Nigel slipped his hands down to Will's beautiful ass. "Are all yank cops like you, because I think I've fallen in love."

Will laughed, not really hearing Nigel. He tugged Nigel's hair and got on his tiptoes. "I'm not a cop anymore." He pressed a kiss on Nigel's lips, his mouth tasting of the joint they'd shared and the alcohol they'd been drinking all night. Nigel pulled their hips closer, his knee nudging Will's legs apart. Will tested the water, pushing his tongue past Nigel's lips and languidly rolling his hips down against Nigel's leg. He let out a desperate moan as he felt Nigel's hardness bump his hip.

Will looked up at Nigel with heavily lidded eyes and parted lips. He hadn't been touched in so long, he could only see Nigel.

"C'mon," Nigel said, voice thick. He tugged Will out of the damn club and led the way towards his place. Every shadowy corner he could find on their way, Nigel grabbed Will and gave him a taste of what was to come. He slipped his hand down the back of Will's jeans, groping and pinching. Each kiss added another mark to Will's pristine golden neck. "You're mine. You're fucking mine."

Will was too high to give a fuck what Nigel was growling in his ear. All he knew was that he wanted to see Nigel naked.

"Careful, kid." Nigel helped Will up the long metal staircase to his apartment. "Don't want you falling back down."

"I'll be fucking fine." Will dragged himself up the stairs with a lazy grin. "I can't remember where we are." He giggled a little. "You live in church?"

"No fucking way." Nigel laughed and unlocked the door. "It's an old firehouse."

"Oh cool." Will's eyes widened when he saw the loft apartment. Bare brick everywhere and a roof that never ended. He flopped down on the mattress on the floor and tugged off his t-shirt. "This place is so cool." He draped himself in the soft cotton of a duvet and inhaled the scent. "Oranges and fucking tobacco. My fucking stalker's lovely scent."

Nigel watched as Will enjoyed himself, clearly strung and very very drunk. "Stalker?"

"Sh, I like it. I like you." Will smiled up at him before laying back and staring up at the ceiling as if he was stargazing.

Nigel locked the front door and pulled his shirt off. "What else do you think of me?"

"That your accent is almost as fucking ridiculous as the London one." Will perked up as he watched Nigel approach. He parted his legs ever so slightly more.

"It's Lithuanian."

"And you have a fucking hairy chest." Will reached out to touch it as Nigel crawled over him. He suddenly fell silent as his palm pressed against the burning heat of Nigel's chest. His heart hammered in his own, as if to match the rhythm of Nigel's.

Nigel cupped Will's cheek, thumb brushing over Will's cheekbone. "You're mine."

Will didn't respond, his eyes darting between Nigel's wet lips and where his hand lay on his chest. "You're a man," he said, as if this was such a foreign concept. "Men don't do this."

"We do." Nigel pushed Will further up the mattress and started to unbuckle Will's belt. "We suck, we fuck and we fall in love." He pulled Will's pants and boxers down, tantalising and teasing as he watched Will's hard cock spring from its confines. It rested heavy to one side,

begging for attention. Nigel refused to touch until he drank the sight in. Tossing Will's clothes aside, he sat on his haunches and admired the beauty laying before him.

Will's golden skin was flushed pink and glimmering with sweat. His lips were parted and chest heaved with each breath. "What're you doing, Nigel?" Will tried to sit up, only for Nigel to push him back down. "I want to touch you." Will's voice was pleading, his fingers reaching for Nigel's belt.

"Fuck I want to paint you."

"You better want more than that."

Nigel chuckled and stood, looming over Will as he undid his fly and pulled out his cock. He gave it one languid stroke before removing his pants completely and kicking them away. "Open your mouth, beautiful."

Will crawled into his knees and looked up at Nigel, clearly trembling as reality had started to get through his smoke and drink addled mind. Will kissed Nigel's thighs all the way up until he reached Nigel's length. "I've never-"

"I'll fucking show you. Just open up those pretty lips, darling." While one hand held his cock, the other stroked through Will's damp curls. "Open them."

Will obeyed, opening his mouth as wide as he could get it. Nigel tugged on his curls and eased the tip of his cock between his lips. Will swiped his tongue over the smooth head, salty precome filling his mouth.

"Hmm, you're mouth is beautiful." Nigel pushed Will's curls back so he could see the stunning face. "Look at me, darling."

Will opened his hazy eyes looked up at him as he pulled off, a string of saliva following his lips. "I'm sorry. I'm not good." He wiped it all from his mouth.

Nigel took Will's hand and wrapped it around his cock. "Imagine you're the girl you always wanted blowing you. What does she do?"

Will swallowed and stroked Nigel's twitching length. He dragged his tongue up the shaft before he took Nigel back past his lips. He started to suck, tongue working against the leaking tip. Breathing through his nose, Will urged himself to take Nigel deeper and deeper. He felt fingers dig into his scalp and Nigel's hips move. Nigel swore something in Lithuanian. The breaths above Will were labored and the shallow thrusts became too much. He pulled off and sat back gasping.

Looking up, Will saw Nigel's blown pupils and bangs fallen over his face. "I need to get something. Wait there." Nigel padded out of the room and left Will on the mattress waiting.

Will flipped over buried his face in the duvet again, trying to think about what he'd just done. About what he was *doing*. Goddamn, he needed another puff of pot. His high was falling and he just wanted to hurry the fuck up and do something.

Will was drifting off when he felt something pull his asscheeks apart. "Hmmph?" He lifted his head, and suddenly felt something warm and wet press against his hole. "Fuck!" Will suddenly tensed. "Nigel? Nigel?" He looked back to see Nigel's head, his face buried between his asscheeks. Before Will could say anything, he let out a strangled whine. and pushed back against the invading tongue. "Nigel, Nigel. Sto-" He let out another moan as Nigel chuckled against him.

Nigel pulled back, leaving Will cold. "Gotta prepare you, darling."

Oh fuck. "Nigel..." Will's breathing stopped as he felt something harder push against him. "Ah." He squeezed his eyes shut and buried his face in the comfy duvet.

A hand gripped Will's waist and urged him higher on his knees, Nigel's finger pushing into his entrance. "Tell me if it needs more lube. I'm fucking useless at preparing men." Nigel chuckled and nipped the tender skin of Will's ass cheek.

Will's body trembled as he felt the uncomfortable pressure inside. "I-It's weird." He bit down on his fist and let out a strangled whine.

"But does it hurt?"

Will shook his head and let out another pathetic noise. He lifted his hips higher as if his body wanted something else.

Nigel slowly worked opening Will up, one finger and then another. By the third, Will's desperate cries were all Nigel need to spur him on. "Fuck."

Will let out a shuddering exhale as he felt Nigel pull his fingers from him. He felt Nigel come up behind him, his body heat sending shivers through Will. He didn't dare say anything as he felt Nigel's slick cock slide against him. Instead, he kept his face forwards and buried. Today was fucked up.

"Ah!" Will felt a sudden pressure, far larger than Nigel's fingers push against his entrance. "Shit. Shit, Nigel." Will tried not to move as Nigel eased his cock in. It stung like fuck. Will parted his legs further as if it would help.

Nigel bent flush over Will's back, his hot chest pressing him down. He whispered something Will didn't understand in his ear and suddenly, pulled out.

Will cried out and turned his face away from Nigel's as he was fucked down into the mattress. As his high faded, Nigel's thrusts became harder and Will's cries grew louder. He was so close so...

"Well what have we got here?" Garrett's voice broke through the haze and Will hid his face, terrified that if he turned he'd see someone else fucking him. His whole body tensed and he made no sound.

"Stay with me, beautiful. Will." Nigel tugged Will's hair, forcing him to lift up. "Fucking stay with me."

Will pushed back against Nigel's cock and tried to fight the voice in his head. He gripped himself and started to work himself faster. "Nigel You're Nigel."

"That's right, baby. And your mine." Nigel pulled Will up against his chest so he got a better angle at driving into him. "Mine."

Will came as Nigel growled in his ear, his legs weak. He reached back, tangling his fingers in Nigel's hair and drew him into a biting kiss. They stayed like that until Nigel came with a growl.

Both collapsed on the mattress, panting and glistening with sweat. It was a few minutes until Nigel pulled out and tossed the condom in the trashcan by the bed. Nigel lit up another joint and took a few puffs before handing it over to Will. They smoked into sunrise and Will drifted off as the birds started singing.

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